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NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER

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MONDAY—Fair.

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PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York, and Jersey City. TWO CENTS

LAUNCHING OF THE VAN WYCK BOOM FOR 1900.

Active Preliminary Work at Saratoga to Promote His Candidacy.

SOUTH IS COUNTED UPON. That Section Needs More Money and Is Not Strenuous About 16 to 1.

INDEPENDENT OF TAMMANY. The Plan of Campaign Is to Cut Loose from the Wigwam Influence.

GORMAN COMING THURSDAY.

With His Arrival the Actual Work Will Be Started in Earnest.

Saratoga, Aug. 6.—These great hotels, places of political activity, hum today with the buzzing of the Presidential bee. Van Wyck's boom is fully launched. It is an affair of serious proportions and Van Wyck is wasting no opportunity to press it forward so that before the summer ends he may become a figure of great consequence upon the political horizon.

In Judge Van Wyck's aspirations several things are visible. One of these is the suggested indifference of the South to the 16 to 1 ratio. What the South wants is more money, it is said, and his partisans declare they can accomplish this more easily by a State banking system than by any other means.

Expected Help from Bryan. "The reason we voted for Bryan," said one of Van Wyck's Southern partisans today, "is because he seemed willing to help us out. He appeared to be the man who would aid us in getting more money in circulation. We don't care for the man himself—what we want is more money."

Van Wyck is opposed to the 16 to 1 ratio. He believes in bimetalism; he has pledged himself to see that the South gets more money, and what is more important than this to New Yorkers, it is strongly intimated, that he will ignore Tammany Hall if nominated.

Among Van Wyck's backers now on the scene are Harrity, of Pennsylvania, and Shevlin, of Kings County. Mr. Shevlin bears the same relation to Hugh McLaughlin that Carroll does to Croker. For three hours today Shevlin talked earnestly to Judge Van Wyck, going over his chances as a Presidential nominee.

Tammany Leaders on Hand. Perhaps the strongest feature of the Van Wyck boom is the Judge's ignoring of Tammany.

Saratoga is filled with high lights of the Tammany organization, but Judge Van Wyck has nothing to do with them. Even Mrs. Van Wyck ignores the presence of the wives of the Tammany leaders here in this Democratic summer resort.

If the Judge is nominated, said a friend of his to-day, his managers will repudiate Tammany. The South will never stand for the New York City machine. Of course, it will rest with Judge Van Wyck whether he will mention Tammany Hall in his campaign, but an impression prevails that he will quietly decline to speak about it at all.

None of the Tammany leaders here has anything to do with Judge Van Wyck beyond the common duties of life. As far as it is possible to judge, they are in Saratoga merely to have a good time. They are having it, too.

Say Bryan Is Dead in the South. Van Wyck's friends say he is the logical candidate. They declare that Bryan is dead in the South. Others say he is a pretty lively corpse.

The Van Wyck idea is that he is distasteful to the South, not so much from his radical silver ideas as from his record in the Crisp matter. This, they say, is important.

When Crisp was up for Speaker of the House, Bryan, they assert, declined to vote for him, throwing his vote for Springer. The Van Wyck people say that he gave this reason for withdrawing from Crisp's support that he could not vote for an ex-Confederate.

DREYFUS FACES HIS JUDGES TO-DAY AT RENNES.

The Much Persecuted Prisoner in Good Health and Confident That the Second Court-martial Will Acquit Him.

Crowds Fill the Town and Curiously Watch the Distinguished and Notorious Witnesses Summoned.

Former President Casimir-Perier Carefully Guarded by Gendarmes, Who Are Also Conspicuous in the Streets.

(Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.) Rennes, Aug. 6.—The trial of Captain Dreyfus will begin to-morrow very early in the morning. Six o'clock is the hour appointed on account of the heat of the day. Dreyfus is reported to be well, calm and confident.

While there has been great animation in the streets all day, the people have been orderly and perfect tranquillity prevails. The entire population has been out displaying greatest interest, not in the famous prisoner, but in the notable men who have come to be witnesses in the case.

Despite the apparent tranquillity, every precaution has been taken by the military and civil authorities to prevent demonstrations of any kind. Troops are ready in barracks, detectives secretly invade every suspicious place and mounted gendarmes and policemen guard the streets.

Rennes is crowded with visitors. Lodgings can scarcely be had at any price. High officials, army officers, professional agitators, curiosity seekers and a regiment of Parisian newspaper men crowd the hotels and pensions. Few of them thought of much sleep to-night.

The principal witnesses arrived this morning, headed by M. Casimir-Perier, who was President of the Republic when Dreyfus was convicted. With him were M. Godéfray Cavaignac, former Secretary of War, and Generals Boisdeffre, Gons and Roget.

Hundreds of people awaited them at the railway station.

"Vive l'Armée!" shouted half the crowd as the generals alighted from the train.

"Vive la République!" cried the revolutionists with equal vehemence.

Back and forth the rival factions hurled their watchwords, accompanied by much gesticulation. The gendarmes and police moved in a threatening manner, and the demonstrations ended in mere cries.

Former President Casimir-Perier, attired in a light summer suit, and quite unattended, passed unnoticed for a time. Thinking he was not recognized, he started to walk to his hotel, accompanied by M. Vigliani, chief of the secret police, but the crowd discovered him, and several hundred people followed merely out of curiosity.

M. Casimir-Perier soon reached his hotel, and now six gendarmes patrol the street in front of his residence and detectives guard every entrance.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Picquart, who arrived last night, is quite the hero of the Dreyfusards, and consequently an object of hatred for the anti-Dreyfusards.

He appeared this afternoon for a short time, and was greeted with rival cries of "Vive Picquart!" and "A bas Picquart!"

The Colonel, however, paid not the slightest attention to the shouts, and went to the house of M. Labori, who will defend Dreyfus. Picquart is staying at a private house, and avoids publicity as much as possible.

Before midnight people began to line up in front of the Lycées to wait for the opening of the doors. The main hall, which will be used as a court room, has been fitted with necessary desks and seats.

At one end is a raised platform, like the stage of a theatre. On this platform Captain Dreyfus will be seated, in full view of all the spectators.

Colonel Jouanet, president of the court-martial, has not made public the order of the proceedings. It is considered probable that, immediately after the opening, General Chamoin will present the famous dossier, and the room will be cleared while the members of the court consider the documents in secret. This consideration may last two or three days, so that public sessions of the trial will probably not begin before Thursday.

The general impression is that the trial will last three weeks.

"McKINLEY COTTAGE" SOLD TO THE PRESIDENT.

He Had Previously Tried to Buy the Old Home in Canton and at Last Has Become Its Owner.

Canton, Aug. 6.—President McKinley has purchased the "McKinley Cottage," at the corner of North Market street and Louis avenue. The deal was closed Saturday. The consideration was \$14,500. He will secure possession in October. The property was not on the market.

It is endeared to the President and Mrs. McKinley as their first home, where they began housekeeping, and by many memories.

TWO SUNDAY DISASTERS CAUSE LOSS OF 66 LIVES. 30 DROWNED AT A FERRY BY TROLLEY CAR'S FALL SLIP NEAR BAR HARBOR.

One Hundred and Fifty Men, Women and Children Plunged Into Deep Water by Breaking of Gangplank.

Frightful Struggle of the Drowning Multitude, Which Was Pinned In Between the Boat and Slippery Pier.

Victims Were from Bangor and Nearby Towns, Who Were Attracted by the North Atlantic Squadron.

LIST OF IDENTIFIED DEAD.

Mrs. William Murray, of Brewer. Mrs. John O'Donohue, of Bangor. Irving Bridges, of West Hancock. Mrs. Sleeper, of Bangor. Albert Colson, of Levant. Mrs. Alonzo P. Onkes, of Bangor. Miss Grace Summer, of Bangor. Joseph Murphy, of Oldtown. Mrs. Hollis W. Estey, of Ellsworth. Clifford Cushman, of Corinth. Miss Lizkie Ward, of Bangor. Charles W. Downes, of Ellsworth. F. E. Swedner, travelling salesman, Portland. Ora M. Lank, of Danforth. G. H. Bennett, of Brewer. Mrs. G. H. Bennett, of Brewer. Mrs. Charles Stover, Ellsworth. Melvin McCord, of Corinth. Mrs. A. H. Billings, Bangor. Mrs. George Derwent, Bangor.

Ten more supposed to have been carried away by the tide.

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 6.—By the breaking of a gangway on the Maine Central Railroad dock at Mount Desert ferry, across the bay from Bar Harbor, one hundred and fifty people were dropped into deep water today, and thirty of them were drowned. Twenty bodies have already been recovered.

The victims were excursionists from Bangor and adjoining towns, on their way to Bar Harbor for a day's outing. Insufficient strength of timber work caused the disaster.

The visit of war ships of the North Atlantic squadron to Bar Harbor was the attraction for hundreds of people from interior towns to patronize the excursions run by the Maine Central Railroad. The early morning trains brought crowds of people to the land terminus of the line at Mount Desert Ferry, where steamers were ready to convey them eight miles across the bay to this place.

Came from Many Towns.

The first regular train from Bangor arrived at the ferry at 10:30 a. m., with nearly 1,000 people on board. They came from Oldtown, Bangor, Brewer, Ellsworth, Danforth, Corinth, Hancock and many other small towns along the line. Waiting at the dock was the trim little steamer Sappho, a fast propeller, which meets the regular trains and carries summer visitors to Bar Harbor across the bay. Three hundred passengers is the limit of her capacity, and when it became known to the excursionists that only one-third of their number could go on the first boat, there was naturally a great rush to be first aboard. It was the jam caused by this rush that led to the accident.

All trains to the ferry run out on the dock. It is but a few steps to the steamer. Owing to the high tides of twelve or more feet in the bay, the dock has a sliding gangplank that rises and falls with the tide. This plank is about ten feet wide and thirty-five feet long. It is fitted with a hinge at the inner end and hangs by chains that run over pulleys with balancing weights at its outer end. The main part of the dock is cut away so this gangplank, which is well adapted to the purpose, is a solid structure, hangs in a sort of well and does not extend beyond the side of the structure.

Nice Sort of Death Trap.

When the tide is high it is even with the level of the dock; when the tide is low it forms a steep inclined plane leading down to the steamer's deck. The movable gangway was constructed of five long timbers crossed by two-inch planking. The railroad officials assert that there were also three iron girders one inch in thickness.

Whatever may have been the construction of the well and the gangplank, it certainly proved of insufficient strength to sustain the weight of the people who sought to cross it.

The first of the four excursion trains to arrive consisted of twelve cars, hauled by two engines. Almost before the train stopped men and women jumped off and ran across the dock to the gangplank. The railroad men on duty there, fearing overcrowding, attempted to control the excursionists, but they endeavored to hold back the crowd. The gangway had but a moderate slope.

The laughing throng started to half slide down with shoving and pushing. The four railroad employees were forced out of the way in a moment.

Pushed to Destruction.

Men, women and children ran on in pell-mell confusion. The narrow passageway became blocked. Scores of more agile persons leaped from the outer edge of the wharf to the upper deck of the steamer. The sliding gangplank was soon jammed. Between 150 and 200 people were on it when with a crashing of timbers it broke in the middle and the unfortunate people were dropped into the deep water below.

They were like prisoners in a well. On three sides were the smooth boarded walls of the dock slip, while the steamer Sappho lay close alongside, forming the fourth wall across the end. The V-shaped plank held fast at each end, formed a broken opening, its ragged ends just touching the water.

In this well, with water twenty feet deep, the unfortunate men, women and children



Trolley Slaughter Near Derby, Conn. Taking the dead and wounded from the wrecked car that leaped from a trestle, fell sixty feet into a ravine and killed thirty-six persons.

struggled horribly for life. They fought and shrieked and endeavored to climb up on each other's shoulders. The weaker quickly went down. The strong struggled with frightful desperation.

Men on the dock and steamer thought first to throw life preservers and anything that would float down into this well of death. In their excitement some of the men threw in heavy timbers that struck the poor unfortunates on the head and stunned them. For a few precious moments all sensible methods of rescue were forgotten. Then Captain Dixon, of the Sappho, rallied a party of rescuers, who, with ropes and ladders, began pulling out people. Hardly and nobly they worked. Scores of half-drowned people were lifted out and handed over to willing hands, who carried them to the freight house and to the summer hotel near by. Francis messages were sent to Bar Harbor for doctors and a special steamer took them across the bay. More medical men later arrived on trains from Bangor, and by their heroic efforts many people were brought back to life.

Diver from a War Ship Worked.

Captain Dixon and his men worked for hours taking out all the bodies that could be found. A diver was sent from one of the warships, and he went down into the fatal well to bring up more victims.

To-night, in the little freight house on the pier, are seventeen dead bodies. Three more persons who had been taken out alive died aboard the steamer Sappho while being carried to Bar Harbor. This makes the known list of dead twenty, but it is firmly believed that at least ten more persons were drowned whose bodies have been carried away by the strong tide that sweeps under the pier.

Fifty injured persons are being cared for in the hotel at Mount Desert Ferry. Probably all of these will recover save George S. Southard, of Bangor, who was much injured by kicks and blows in the frightful struggle.

BOY KILLS HIS FATHER

IN RAGE AT A WHIPPING. Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 6.—Captain A. B. Watkins, a well-known citizen and county officer, was stabbed to death by his eleven-year-old son, Clarence, this afternoon. Watkins was whipping the boy on account of a breach of family discipline. The lad became enraged, drew his knife and plunged the blade through his father's heart. The boy is locked up.

YACHT UPSETS, BUT

ALL HANDS SAVED.

The sloop yacht All, with five passengers, capsized off Cedar Creek (N. J.) Life Saving Station yesterday afternoon, and they would assuredly have been drowned but for the prompt action of Captain Brinley and his crew, who launched a boat and went to the rescue. Those in the All included the owner, J. H. Dunn, his wife and

THE IDENTIFIED DEAD.

BLEW, MRS. FRANK, of Stratford, Conn. BLEW, MELVIN, five years old. BLEW, MAUD, aged three years. BRADLEY, MR. ELIAS, of Milford, Conn., one of the first Selectmen of the town. BRADLEY, MRS. ELIAS, of Milford, Conn. BANKS, SHELTON. COTTER, WILLIAM, twenty-five years old, of Bridgeport, Conn. (Identification not positive). COGGSWELL, HENRY C., of Bridgeport, Conn., general freight agent of the Berkshire Division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. CARROLL, JOHN, 22 years old, conductor of the wrecked car. DORTS, IRVING, of Bridgeport, Hungarian, aged 22 years. FARRELL, MISS MARGUERITE, aged 22 years, of New York; was visiting friends at Bridgeport. GALVIN, DANIEL, 24 years old, machinist, of Ansonia, Conn., and unmarried, crushed beyond recognition under the trucks of the car. GALVIN, JOHN, 22 years old, machinist, of Ansonia, brother of Daniel, crushed under the trucks. HARVEY, WILLIAM H., a contractor, of Bridgeport, Conn., 35 years old; was a thirty-third degree mason. HARVEY, MRS., Bridgeport, Conn., wife of William H. Harvey. HOPKINS, JOSEPH, an ex-fire marshal, aged 66 years. HOLMES, MRS. ARTHUR, twenty-two years old, of Bridgeport, Conn. HOTCHKISS, JOSEPH, of Bridgeport, Conn.; engineer of the Fire Department. KRAFT, FRANK, twenty-five years old, of Bridgeport, Conn. LAMPHEAR, MORTON, employee of the road, who was enjoying a day off. M'DERMOTT, PATRICK, fifty years old; sexton of St. Mary's Church. M'DERMOTT, MRS. PATRICK. M'DONALD, MRS., of Bridgeport, aged fifty years. M'NALLY, THOMAS, thirty years old, of Bridgeport (identification not positive). PITT, ALFRED, twenty-two years old, of Bridgeport, Conn.

THE WOUNDED.

BRENNAN, MISS MARGARET, of Bridgeport, Conn., back injured. HAMILTON, GEORGE, of Bridgeport, Conn., motorman of the wrecked car, slightly injured; he saved himself by jumping to the trestle as the car plunged into the abyss. HOLMES, ARTHUR, contusions and a crushed leg. HILLERMAN, FRED, scalp wounds. M'COLLOUGH, WILLIAM, forty-five years old, railroad gate tender of Bridge street, Ansonia; leg broken and head and chest crushed; taken home dying; has a wife and five children. OLBIN, MATTHEW, scalp wounds and bruises. PITT, MRS. SIDNEY A., of Bridgeport, Conn.; right leg fractured twice.

Two sons, and Lawrence Mount. The yacht, a small one, was bound from Bay Head to Barnegat City and she was abreast of the life-saving station when a flaw of wind knocked her over on her beam ends. Mr. Dunn managed to get his wife to the weather rail and the two boys also clung there while Mount swam clear around the boat before he could get a chance to cling to her boom. The weight of the sails caused the boat to turn turtle, but her occupants managed to gain the slippery bottom and cling there washed by the waves. They were nearly exhausted when the life savers reached them. They were taken to the station and supplied with dry clothing and later on the yacht was recovered.

Filled with Passengers It Dashes Over a Trestle and Lands Bottom Upward in a Ravine Sixty Feet Below.

Songs of the Happy Crowd on Board Turn to Shrieks as the Crash Comes and They Are Hurlled to Death.

Only Two Are Known to Have Escaped Injury, and They Saved Themselves by Leaping and Catching Trestle.

THIRTY-SIX persons, it is believed, lost their lives through a disaster to a trolley car at Peck's Mills, between Bridgeport and Derby, Conn., yesterday afternoon.

The car, running at an extraordinary rate of speed on a trestle spanning a ravine, struck a "hump" in the track, due to a subsidence of the bank on which the end of the trestle rested.

The car bounded into the air, then it ran one hundred feet along the trestle off the rails, and finally rolled off the structure and fell to the ground, sixty feet below, turning completely over and landing roof downward.

Twenty-three dead bodies were collected at the Stratford Town Hall, and other passengers were taken home and died there of their injuries. It is not possible yet to tell the exact loss of life.

Extraordinary negligence, it is said, must have made the disaster possible. The car was running in a wild fashion at a dangerous rate of speed. The subsidence of the trestle that contributed to or caused the disaster may have been due to defective engineering.

It is reported that the structure had not been inspected by the State Railroad Department.

CAR FALLS 60 FEET INTO ROCKY RAVINE.

DERBY, Conn., Aug. 6.—Thirty-six persons were killed or wounded in what is the worst trolley disaster on record.

An open trolley car, crowded with passengers, fell from a trestle at 3:13 o'clock this afternoon at Peck's Mills, six miles south of here, and landed in a ravine sixty feet below.

The accident occurred on the new line of the Shelton Traction Company that was opened last Thursday with much ceremony. The trestle at Peck's Mills is a single-track one, 450 feet long. It spans a wild, rocky valley at a point not many feet from the Housatonic river. It varies in height from 40 to 60 feet and is built of iron, with stone foundations.

Before it reached the trestle the car had been going down grade at a terrific rate of speed—so fast, indeed, that many of those aboard were alarmed. Owing to the heavy rainfall, the earth embankment on which the end of the bridge rests had caved in considerably under the weight of traffic and the structure.

The trestle had settled about a foot owing to this, but the settling did not extend very far out. A short distance along the ties was another normal grade, and this left a sort of "hump."

It was when the car struck this "hump" that the disaster happened. The car bounded into the air from the force of the concussion. When it descended one side of it hung over the trestle for a moment. Then it turned over and fell into a mudhole under the trestle. It landed bottom side up, a shattered wreck.

TWO MEN SAVE THEIR LIVES BY JUMPING.

A SHRIEK of fear and horror broke from the passengers in the car as it bounded into the air. They rushed to the platforms and made frantic efforts to save themselves and a few managed to cling to the struggling, screaming human beings, rolled off. To those who hung, white and terror-stricken, to the trestle, their fingers so numb and nerveless that they could hardly hold on, it seemed minutes before the car struck the ground.

It appeared to turn somersaults in the air. From its human cargo came heartrending shrieks as the helpless passengers fell to their doom.

When the car landed there was an awful crash. The noise of the grinding of timber and metal for a moment drowned the cries of pain. Then followed an awful silence that told the survivors above that death had come to most if not all who fell. There were forty-five persons on the car as it went upon the trestle. Of these at least two jumped and saved themselves. They were George Canfield and John Cruise, of Derby.

There were men made their way as fast as they could to summon help. The village of Peck's Mills contains only about twenty persons, but these collected in a very short space of time and made their way down into the bottom of the ravine where the car lay. There had been an ice pond there, but all